

# Blackjack Oak

Carolyn Hester

Love came by from the riversmoke  
When the leaves were fresh on the tree,  
But I cut my heart on the blackjack oak  
    Before they fell on me.

The leaves are green in the early Spring,  
    They are brown as linsey now,  
    I did not ask for a wedding-ring  
From the wind in the bending bough.  
Fall lightly, lightly, leaves of the wild,  
    Fall lightly on my care,  
    I am not the first to go with child  
    Because of the blowing air.

The good girls sleep in their modesty,  
The bad girls sleep in their shame,  
But I must sleep in the hollow tree  
    Till my child can have a name.  
    Cold and cold and cold again,  
    Cold in the blackjack limb

The winds of the sky for his sponsor-men  
    And a bird to christen him.  
He's going to act like a hound let loose  
When he comes from the blackjack tree,  
And he's going to walk in proud shoes  
    All over Tennessee,  
    All over Tennessee

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Lyrics submitted by Koks Tran.

Lyrics provided by

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